IN FAR CONNAUGHT.

The Land of Romantic Scenery, Noble Ruins and Brave People.

QUAINT, FASCINATING CONEMARA,

Unsurpassed in Wild and Glorious Scenic Splender.

AN EXCITING, THRILLING CAR RIDE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



ONNAUGHT has been most truthfully described as "the western, smallest, least populated, least reclaimed, least known and most misunderstood of the four provinces of Ireland." It comprises the five counties of Leitrim,

Roscommon, Sligo, Mayo and Galway. The River Shannon winds along its eastern boundaries. To the north, Donegal Bay sets in between the erags as if to wrench it from the mainland at one gulp of the sea. Galway Bay, breaking through from between the white heights of Aran Islands, flanks it menacingly upon the south. The most tumultuous seas known to the world's shore-lines eternally battle with jagged headlands upon the west. And within it are the noblest lakes, the loveliest moors, the wildest mountains, most hideous bogs, most entrancing burns, wildest reaches of rocks, sweetest dingles, most fascinating coves and bays, grandest and fewest roads, loveliest ruins, greatest castles, most wretched huts, quaintest structures in habition, bride-arch, chapel and inn, daintiest hamlets and the bravest simplest, noblest, humblest, wildest and strangest people, in the same area, within Ireland, or in any explored land where people go of live. Roscommon, Leitrim, Sligo and Mayo each

have their wild, rude coloring; but in all of these, especially in their eastern parishes, Irish city and country life are much the same as throughout sweet, warm Munster of the south, bright, active Leinster of the east, and hard, pretentious Ulster of the CONNAUGHT'S PASCINATION.

But who ever painted, or ever can paint, this Connaught as a whole, or reveal to one who has not felt through actual life within it, its ever-savage presence to the eve, and its intangible inner and under pathetic sweetness and tascination to the true real sense and soul? This outer savagery of presence, which one cannot throw off, however pleasurable sight and scene may be, has largely been a creation of ignorance. The human activities of Ireland for 29 centuries, so far as best known to men, have been in the hardy north, the commercial east, and the bay-studded, town-dotted south. The West of Ireland, even with its old metropolis of Galway, trading so largely with the Mediterranean ports, was always held to be a terra incognita of strange and torbidding mysteries. The old pagan ruins were more numerous here. In the popular fancy, strange, savage tolk, descended from strange savage chieftains, still roved at will in its mountain fastnesses. Queen Mavey ing actuality.

The horrors of the old seven-years' war between Connaught and Ulster, seemed a dim, vague but certain perpetuity over here behind the Shannon. Cromwell's soldiers gave all this added emphasis by their brutal cries of, "To h-l or Connaught!" while driving the people of the fair valleys be-tween Meath and Longford to the wilds of far, fierce Connaught. Poets wrote direful made it known as "geographically west of the law." And fiction placed it among the lands in which the imagination alone could wander without burt or barm. That which was imagined true of all Connaught was held to be true with intensest particularity in little Conemara, until the cumulative dread of it all built a wall between the world and this, the fairest, quaintest, most entrancing spot within it; where the least brave man may wander without fear, and where one's heart cannot but be touched by the ruggedness of spirit, simplicity of lives, bravery of poverty, and the warmth of wel-come that show clear to every earnest one that comes.

WASHED BY THE SEA. Conemara proper is but a district of

greatest length, and but 25 in its greatest width, almost cut off from the mainland by the splendid loughs Mask and Corrib. It comprises three districts, or appellative divisions, named Iar Connaught, or Far Connaught, or Joyce's Country, so called from the predominance of that name among the inkabitants, and Conemara prop-er, in the extreme west upon the sea. Yet this trifling tract of 350,000 acres, as we in America measures areas, has over 150 miles of shore-line upon navigable lakes, the largest of which are Mask and Corrib. It possesses 25 navigable lakes over a mile in length, besides hundreds of smaller, deep-water loughs, Its several hundred bogs, veritable peat-banks, if drained, could furnish Ireland with fuel for a thousand years. Its white and rose marbles, and precious serpentine precisely like the verde antico of Italy, are among the most

renowned, and least used, in all Europe.

It has between 20 and 30 safe and capacious harbors. Its mountains are almost numberless, and are as full of grandeur and sublimity in scenery as the Scottish High-lands. So deeply and often is it penetrated by great arms of the sea, that this little patch of Erin possesses between 400 and 500 miles of coast-line, unsurpassed in wild and glorious scenic splendor. About 40,000 peoe subsist along its shores upon fishing, and within its wilds like meager goats upon Alpine crags. And it possesses just two roads which are not the original foot and bridlepaths over which the ancient toparchs, yelept O'Conor Dhunne, O'Conor Sligo, O'Conor Ruadh and O'Conor Phaby, chased each other back and forth until extinct through their sanguinary contests over the rival merits of their ancestors of the "brown hair" and "the red." One of these old

bridlepaths once suddenly became famous through a bit of sly Irish repartee. Colonel Martin, a mountain when on occasion a guest of the Prince of Wales, while being shown the marvels of Windsor Park by the latter, bore the burden of magnificence for a time, when, to quietly put royalty out of conceit with itself, he retorted: "This is all very wonderful for England; but you could set it in the corner of an Irish flower bed. The avenue leading to my own hall door, in Conemara, is upward of 30 miles long!" And so it was. For the sort of a road that then wound from Oughterard to Ballynahinch (town of the island), the seat of the Martius, among the grand Conemara mountains and lakes, surely led to no other place in

The two great roads of Conemara lead from Gniway. One winds from the old town between crumbling walls out to the northwest, touching the edge of mystic Lough Corrib, traverses wild moors and bogs at the foot-hill edges of northern mountain ranges of wondrous changefulness and beauty, and, cutting through the desolate heart of Conemars, finally leads to the thunderous sea at romantic Clifden. The other skirts the Bay of Galway. It is wide, massivelywalled, winding and zig-zag in its course;

more is reached. Then a rude carriage roads creens sinnously across peninsula, at the edge of lowering precipice, around shores glitteringly white with myriad shells, over mountain, through weird deflie, but ever withm sight of the wild Atlantic, away around the rock-ribbed, desolate and awful coast; at last leading up to the Clifden heights and town, hanging there as you may see half-Moorish clusters of battlemented towers upon the brows of Portugal's crags above the sea. When you have known these two roads as one on foot may know them, and have followed your fancy for exploration among the quaint peasant homes in the wilds between, you have witnessed the most interesting in scenery and people that can be found in any portion of Europe.

Bianconi, the Italian raspicker, who through his introduction of the "long car"—simply a four-wheeled clongation of the jaunting carinto Ireland, and his subsequent establishment in all parts of the island of express and post routes, with rapid if rather odd and nervestraining service, became in his time both a benefactor to, and the richest self-made man in Ireland. One of his old drivers in a sense fell heir to these Conemara routes; and being patronized by the Government with the mails, FIVE-CENT FIGURES OF SPEECH cir to these Conemara routes; and being pat-onized by the Government with the mails, ends between Galway and Clifden on the sea, norning and night long cars.

A THRILLING RIDE.

These make the intervening distance of about 50 miles with such surging, rushing speed, that the passage becomes quite a dangerous ex-perience to the novice. Take an American perience to the novice. Take an American farm waron with tremendous springs which would lift the box top above the highest wheels; extend seats along the top on either outer side, like an outer box step over the wheel hubs; pile the main box, which is covered and called "the well," wherein are stowed wheel hubs; pile the main box, which is covered and called "the well," wherein are stowed express packages and the like, ten feet high with huge hampers filled with Her Majesty's "parcels-post" mail matter; imagine from four to six wrapped and bundled people upon each of these airy side seats, with their backs banged by the baggage mountain behind, their toes catching, and slipping from, the bounding foot-rest, their hands despairingly clinging to luggage ropes to prevent sudden plunges into a blackthorn hedge, over a stone wall, or into a blackthorn hedge, over a stone wall, or into a bottomless bog; the three, and sometimes four, horses attached to the contrivance leaping along at a flery gallon; and the severest, slyest, merriest of wild Irishmen upon the "box," howling like a circus ringmaster at the borses and every manner of human or conveyance approached or passed; and you have some idea of the Irish "long car" and its roaring passage from old Galway to Clifden. That is the way one is hurled through Conemara.

To your left, across the black and bogg moors, are the billowy hills of Iar Connaught, and these seem to advance and recede as if with sullen impulse of aggression or retirement, during your whole day's journeying. To the right is the valley of the Corrib river, gray and black with desolate reaches of rock, and more desolate still from the countless deserted cabins of pitliessly evicted tenantry. Dangan, which you reach in an hour's tramp, and where

and black with desolate reaches of rock, and more desolate still from the countless deserted cabins of pitilessly evicted tenantry. Dangan, which you reach in an hour's tramp, and where broken walls of former rich structures huddle among the low huts, was once a seat of the ancient Conemara "Martins." Soon little, nestling Moycullen is reached. The quaint chapel, the few thatched shops, the rude cabins built against former gigantic walls enclosing great demesnes, all have the seeming of quiet and rest about them. One lingers here as when before a study of sleepy Holland hamlets. Besides, Moycullen means the plain of Uillan. Uillan was an Irish hero, grandson of Naud Silver-hand, who slew the great chieftain, Orbson Mac Alloid. Down where the rocks loom in jagged piles as if hurled there by giant hands, is the spot your fancy fixes upon as the site of the conflict. Turning back upon the road, you are pearly run down by a pack of shaggy asses scampering toward Galway. They are being clubbed and ballooed at merrity by scanti y-dressed lads who are perched upon their backs, seated nonchalantly on diminutive osier creels which hang upon and flap against the donkey's long sides. The creels contain peat from the mountain-bogs, and each creel of peat will bring sixpence in Galway.

A GENEROUS IMPULSE.

A GENEROUS IMPULSE.

An impulse seizes you to buy the whole consignment for 5 shillings. The lads breathlessly accept the money. You tell them to again sell the peat in Galway. They believe you stark mad; leap upon their beasts and souffle off to a safe disrance. But they halt there and begin their blessings, which you attempt to sitence with gestures of deprecation. But the good wishes come the faster as they move away. You were never blessed like this before. "Blessings on yer honor, the day an' night!" "Heaven be yer hardest bed, sor!" "Good send the sunshine iver, sor!" and an hundred more heartily-yelled benedictions, until you are ashamed of their boundlessness, and are rather relieved and glad when

and an hundred more heartily-yelled benedictions, until you are ashamed of their boundlessness, and are rather relieved and glad when their childish voices are stilled, and their ragged forms hidden in a cloud of dust far down the pleasant way.

Soon the promontory of Ross, jutting darkly into Lough Corrib, opens on the view. Just a gimpie of one of Corrib's mystic, countiess islands is caught. On this are the remains of an old stronghold of the O'Hallorans. Nearer and to the right stands the picturesque roin of the castle of Augnanure (Acha-na-nure), the "field of the yews." This was the ancient seat of the O'Fishertys. Its great tower, and a well-preserved quadrangle of massive walls over 60 feet in height, are still standing. One of the ancient yews, from which the locality derived its name, a scathed and blasted trunk sending out branches with undaunted virility, alone remains; and this tree is over 1,000 years old. Every mute token of the place tells of a magnificent assemblage of structures in former days. If you have wandered to it, the very stream which washes its tremendous foundations and has penetrated unbidden its hideous recesses and dark dungeon-keeps, may be traced back to the road, where it passes beneath a natural arch of thack marble. Loitering beyond this, and dreaming on the wraith-like presences of a past with which your fance. ing beyond this, and dreaming on the wraith-like presences of a past with which your fancy peoples the whole region, your tramping immepeoples the whole region, your tramping im-diately brings you to the top of a noble hill.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Here you stand in the presence of a far more impressive past. Here was once the great City of the Druids. For miles back toward old Galway, stretching away toward the black moors of Iar Contaught, covering the sides of the valley sweeping past grim Augnanure, and showing gray and white toward the gleaming waters of the Corrib, are innumerable cromlechs, their half-obliterated great and little circles composed of Druideal stones of all sizes and shapes. Here 2,000, yes. 3,000, and perhaps 4,000 years before you came, gathered hosts of pagan Irish to witness Druidic rites, and stand in awe before the weird spells and mysteries their incantations evoked, possibly

hosts of paran Irish to witness Druidic rites, and stand in awe before the weird spells and mysteries their ineantations evoked, possibly on the very spot where your own feet now touch the earth.

As you linger within the magic influence that flashes your thought from this time to that, it is rudely broken by the dashing past you of wagoneties, traps and long cars. Within them are several of the 17,000 hated and unnecessary constabulary billeted remorselessly upon Ireland, a dozen or so of the more detestible "emergency men," and a few of the still more abhourent agents and agents clerks. There, strapped on the long-car, are the poles for the crane and the huge timber for the battering ram. Alt, yes, some God-forsaken wretches up in Joyce's country are to be evicted to-morrow! But you reach dainty Oughterred, before the night. Wandering upon the shores of Corrib, where the hamlet nestles lovingly within beauteous slopes, you climb a noule promonotory which shelters the village from the savage north. It is a clear winter day, and the descending sun streaming through the golden-purple passes of the Western highlands, builds matchless fires among the legend-haunted, castle-studded islands of the lough. Away beyond the farthest island, at the extremest northern shore, the sunstine lights up a bit of ruin, antiquity and flith, and almost glorifies the drear old rocks beside it. This is Cong. To its once mighty abbeys came the last of all the Milesian kings, the noble and unfortunate opponent of Henry II., Roderick O'Conor, where, shorn of honor, power, friends, and as a wretched recluse in the cloisters of the spot his own munificence had endowed, in the words of Sh W. Wilde, he "died a sad but fitting and prophetic emblem of the land over which he had ruied."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Ar Unpublished Valentine by Henry Clay. TO MISS MARY.

Harper's Magazine. Lady, you ask a verse, and I comply With zeal to serve thee. Yet distrustful I, For surely you must see I am no poet: You've but to read these verses and you'll

To yield full tribute to the worth Of one I estimate so high. Should call each noble effort forth, And every ardent feeling try.

I love the unassuming grace.
That dwells upon thy gentle form,
That beauty beaming from a face
Which shows the heart within is warn

That Same Old Trouble Again



Mr. Colback-Young His annoyer (sweetwoman, I ain't been lv) - Certainly, sir. and discloses on Galway hay and its northern coves, scenes that rivel those along the ancient roads of the Riviera, and particularly many of the bolder views in the vicinity of Gibraltar, until old Clog-

IT IS BETTER TO COAX

People to Be Good, Than to Threaten Them, Says Rev. George Hodges.

PUT OUT EVIL BY PUTTING IN GOOD

Differing Philosophies of Ascetism and

Culture.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

That convenient coin, which cable car conluctors gather in by the pocket full, is composed of 75 per cent of copper and 25 per cent of nickel. A good many of us have used this bit of money since 1866, without ever knowing what it is made of. I learned its composition myself only three minutes before the writing of this sentence, by look ing into the "Encyclopedia Britannica. And yet we have got along pretty well. The conductor has accepted the coin, and our ignorance has not occasioned any mistakes in the footing up of our accounts.

There are coins of speech, which are just as convenient as nickels, and just as unknown in their composition. We know exactly what they mean-until you ask us. They pass current in our common talk; they are accepted as being worth about so much. It is a good thing once in a white to assay some of these mental coins and see just what they are made of, and if they are worth exactly what their face informs us. The Government attends to that with the nickel, but we have to look after the coins of speech ourselves. One of these coins is "the world."

It is not easy to define "the world," because "the world" means something quite indefinite. You cannot see it, nor put your hand upon it. It is in the air. It is a tendency, a condition of mind, a motive, an emphasis, a way of looking at things.

The Hebrews had two contrasted phrases: "This world" and "the world to come." They lived in "this world," and were quite conscious of its imperfections, but they were all the time expecting "the world to come." The world to come was not that into which the path of life finds entrance through the gate of death. It was not heaven. It was simply the Hebrew golden age. It was the world exactly as it should be. The world to come would really come, they said, when Messiah came. When He should sit upon the great world-throne, ruling all men righteously, and all should pay Him the horness of perfect loyalty then it would be mage of perfect loyalty, then it would be the world to come.

Whatever to-day is out of harmony with that fine old Hebrew ideal of the world to come, belongs to "the world." The world is whatever Christ would disapprove of. The world is whatever He would put away out of men's hearts and lives, if He sat, clothed in white, upon the judges' bench of a great international, universal, supreme court. Whatever we cannot imagine continuing or into heaven, is the world.

The world of earth and sky about us is not "the world" to which St. Paul forbids us to conform, and which St. John forbids us to love. The closer we conform our lives to the laws of that world, the better it will be for us. And as for loving it, that is what God has put it here for. It may not continue on into heaven, but some counterpart of it will. There will be "a new heaven and a new earth." The heaven and the earth, with all in them which de lights the eye or the ear, are but the visible and audible revelation of God. And, somehow, that must go on forever. The old her-mits were mistaken who fled from all the beauty of the earth and hid themselves in bleak deserts. God made the flowers and the sky for man to see, and the melodies of birds and brooks for man to hear, and sweet things to satisfy the taste of man. And that man makes the most of life who keeps his nature open, and sensitive and responsive to all these things. These are not the world.

world." It is true that they will not continue on into the world to come. It is not likely that there will be any steel works in heaven, or any sewing machines in heaven, nor any drygoods stores, nor grocery stores, nor banks, nor kitchens, nor even churches, in heaven. But there will be something, their counterpart. So far as we can know what lies within the hidden future, so far as we can see into the unseen, there will be occupation in heaven. Heaven will be the most restful place that we can imagine, because we will all have something to do there, something that will interest us. The way to rest is not to do nothing. That is one of the most difficult of tasks. The way to rest is to do something interesting. This life, Christ teaches, is apprenticeship. He who has been faithful in the "few things" will be made ruler over many things. Work will still go on, but with all the disappointment, all the pettiness, all the worry, all the narrowness, all the hindrance, taken out of it. The work of the world is not the world.

Let us distinctly understand this. One whose days are full of pleasure, may not be worldly. One whose days are crowded with work, need not be worldly. Pleasure and work may be just as truly a preparation for the joy and the service of the world to come,

as prayer and praise. But whatever we cannot imagine as continuing on into heaven, is of "the world."
The essential fact about heaven, the only thing, indeed, which we very distinctly know about heaven, is the fact that life there will be lived in the nearer presence of of God. Whatever we instinctively know cannot abide in that divine presence we

may set down as of the world We may set down certain pleasures as the pleasures of sin. We may set down certain occupations as ministering to sin. We may set down certain deficiencies and omissions as the lack of any high purpose, the ab-sence of any upward look, the entire occu-pation of a life with things which are plainly transitory and vain and secular we may note these as marking a man as worldly. Certain tempers, certain motives, we instantly bar out of heaven. These be long to the world. Whatever is essentially associated with them is worldly. What-ever may be possibly associated with them may possibly be worldly. Men and women whose minds welcome such motives, tempers, pleasures, occupations, or in whose lives appear such notable deficiencies, are

Now, to this world, what is the Christian's relation?
St. Paul tells us plainly. The Christian is bound to a position of distinct non-conformity. "Be not conformed to this world."
The word suggests the following of a pattern. Do not follow the world's pattern. Do not lay down the world's ideal of a man upon the blank pages of this new year, and, working around its edges, shape the ideal of your own life. Do not speak the world's ech; do not transact your business ac cording to the world's rules; do not wear the world's dress. Whatever details of these things are the world's, leave them altogether out. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father,

The world presses close upon us. The strong temptations spare neither priest nor people. It is distracting; it is debasing. Its emphasis is upon the lower side of life. It is materialistic. It has no treasure in heaven, and cares not to have any. It seduces men from duty. It takes the grace, the nobility, the parity of life away. It makes men first earthly, then sensual, then devilish. There earthly, then sensual, then devilish. There is a history of a worldling in three chapters. "Be not conformed to this world."

But this we all know. This every man's heart tells him. The voice of conscience is louder than the voice of the preacher. But most of us have the same kind of conscience that Socrates had; it speaks only to say "No." And we need something more than

that. We need something more per-suasive, more effective, than that. For the bad is permanently expelled when it is not merely thrust out, but crowded out; when it turns around to enter again and finds no room. The bad is best put out by bringing

the good in.

If a small child has a dangerous play-If a small child has a dangerous play-thing in his hand there are two ways of get-ting it safely out of his grasp. One way is to seize the child and pull the forbidden plaything out of his elinging fingers vio-lently. The small child will undoubtedly, and very naturally, rebel and cry. The other way is to offer him a more attractive plaything. The small hand will at once plaything. The small hand will at once drop the bad and reach out after the good.

There are two philosophies which have concerned themselves with the relation be tween the good man and the bad world-one based upon the principle of asceticism, the other upon the principle of culture.

The teachers of asceticism have tried to

reform men by palling everything bad away from them violently. Their central word has been the brief, emphatic and uncompr mising monosyllable "no." They compr mising monosyllable "no." They or to scare them into goodness or to scold them into goodness. They have tried to get goodness into people from the outside by a process of moral hypodermic injection. They have endeavored to transport people into some kind of religious Siberia, where it should be impossible for them to do any harm. They would reform the world by tying all men's hands behind their backs and by cutting out their tongues. If they had lived in the Garden of Eden they would have spent the first day of the year in chopping down that tree of temptation which God planted there and in tossing its dismembered branches over the garden wall. The teachers of culture, on the other hand, have endeavored to attract men from the bad by showing them the better.
"See," they have said, "here is this and that possibility in you. Look up, you unmanly man, you unwomanly woman, and see what you are missing. Behold what manhood is; behold what womanhood is! How true, how tender, how brave, how strong! And you may attain this, if you will, God helping you. And God will help you. See, here is a blessing awaiting your outstretched hand; here is a duty waiting for you to do it. Know ye not that ye are the children of God? Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Men and women have listened to such gracions speech as this and found in it instant inspiration and enjoy-ment. They have tried to take the blessing and to do the duty; and they have learned, by blessed experience, that every good deed stands in the place of a bad deed, and every good thought in the place of a bad thought and the bad is crowded out. Men and women following that wise instruction, and looking not in, but out, and up, have grown in grace and in the knowledge and the love

People cannot be forbidden into goodness, nor scolded, nor pushed, nor driven, nor exiled, nor punished into goodness. Men grow good, as oats grow strong, from the we are all the time forgetting that. But

We are all the time forgetting that. But St. Paul did not torget it. Straight he goes from forbidding to attracting. "Be not conformed to this world"—Why?—"That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." I cannot within my space to-day draw out the meaning of this blessed revelation which the unworldly win and learn. I will have to reserve that. I am content only to emphasize serve that. I am content only to emphasize the fact that there is a blessing. This is the truth which I want to leave in the minds of this great congregation, into whose faces I cannot look, but of whose presence I am profoundly conscious: That the reason for not being "worldly" is not ecause anybody says - no matter how loudly-"you must not be worldly;" it is son of God; it is to shut your eyes to the most beautiful things which God has made for man to see, and your mind to the deepest and most inspiring truths which God has put it into the power of man to know. Every debasing pleasure, every unworthy word, every step down into "the world," takes away just so much from the best possibilities of your life.

Whoever is unworldly, whoever keeps himself from such pleasures and pursuits as dim the spiritual vision, God teaches him a gracious lesson which interprets the world. God touches his eyes with a more precious ointment than any Arab physician had for sale in the old stories, and the man sees. GEORGE HODGES.

SIDEWALK ORNAMENTS.

some Things About the City Excite a Grumbler Considerably.

An unlucky reporter had another encounter with the chronic grumbler yesterday. There was no escape, and so he was constrained to listen and take notes. He be-

"Will you have the kindness to stand on

this corner and look up this street and down that and see what you can see? Nothing unusual, you say? That's just it—quite too common, and that is why I kick. Down there is a pile of boards and lumber on the sidewalk and in the street, ready for the carpenters who are to repair the building. It has been there two weeks and the work hasn't even begun yet. Up here a piece is a couple of barrels and some planks right in the street, where they were left by men who were mixing mortar last week. The plasterers have got through with their job and left these things behind as a reminder that they are done I suppose. Youder is a pile of bricks in the street—it has been there so bricks in the street—it has been there so long it's as familiar to me as my wife's face and not half as pleasing to look at. And so it is in a hundred different places all over town. People who own or erect buildings seem to think they own as much o' the side walk and streets as they care to occupy for their own convenience and that they can

keep the space as long as they wish and it's nobody's business.
"Another thing. Walk along with me and I'll impress your mind by an object lesson or twe. Here's a man who keeps a grocery. Do you suppose his goods or his trade is in any way improved because he has half or two-thirds of his stock out on the sidewalk? Then glance at the hardware store across the street. Those are nice sidewalk ornaments, aren't they? Stoves and grates for pedestrians to blunder against and for ladies to rub the blacking from

upon their skirts.
"What sense is there in using the sidewalk as a sample room? If a man wants goods won't he be likely to go into the store to buy them? Have we ordinances agains obstructing sidewalks and streets? we officers to enforce the laws? Have

The reporter saw a car coming, and pretending he had to catch it or miss a big item, left the garrulous man before he had fairly begun his inquisition.

General F. B. Spinola. Member of Congress from New York City, writes:

"It is a public duty I perform when I testify to the remarkable curative power of Allcock's Porous Plasters. For several years I have been at times troubled with violent attacks of lumbago. They would last for several weeks at a time, and the pain would reach from the lumbar regions not only to my feet, but to my finger ends. Some months ago I had a most severe attack, and was confined to my bed, almost paralyzed. I felt much discouraged, and thought of recurring to electric shocks, when Senator Nelson sent me six Allcock's Porous Plasters. I immediately applied three-one over the kidneys, one on the small of my back, and one on my hip joint, where I had considerable sciatic pain. The effect was simply wonderful. In six hours I was able to sleep, the violent pain having mostly ceased. I continued to wear the Plasters for some days, when I felt I was almost entirely cured. I kept them on for nearly a month, as a matter of precaution." Lumbago.

Penny Wisdom-Pound Folly. It is foolish to save the little that Sozodont costs, and suffer what will result in bad teeth and large payments to dentists. Place a bottle of it on the toilet, use five drops only of it every time after eating, cleanse the mouth, and show your wisdom.

HOW THEY ROB SAFES

Many Interesting Methods.

ONLY BUNGLERS BLOW THEM OPEN.

There Are Some Crooks Whom No Bank Vault Nor Safe Can Resist.

THE VERY BEST MEANS OF PROTECTION

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



HE popular idea of a safe robbery seems to men break into a place, and, drilling

in a really "fine" job, an explosive is rare-ly used; the tools can be carried in an over-coat pocket, and many weeks are often spent screwed home it exerts in planning and arranging for a single job. In this article I propose to detail the various methods of safe robbery and to show that only bunglers blow safes open. There are in this country just about an even score of men whom no bank vault nor safe, however strong, can resist. To reassure society, I will say that over half of there are safe behind prison bars. It is an adage among crooked people that they must go to New York for highwaymen, Philadelphia for thieves, Chicago for bank and safe burglars and Cincinnati for pickpockets. Pittsburg does not produce any first-class crooks, but more "cappers," or informers, than all the ing the same. The heavy outer door of the vault being closed scarcely an audible

Safe-breakers have more than kept pace with improvements in safes, including time locks chilled steel-chests of eight or nine thicknesses and electric protective attachments. Their tools are made by some of the finest mechanics and inventive geniuses of the world. A full kit of the most approved modern safe workers' tools costs abou

Twenty years ago, when burglars started out to rob a sale they filled a carpet sack with highly tempered drills, copper sledges, sectional jimmies, dark lanteres, powder and a fuse. On the way they stole a horse and wagon, filling the latter with the greater portion of the tools of a country blacksmith shop. They would work on the safe from shop. They would work on the safe from four to six hours, and finally blow it open with a fine grade of ducking powder. Usually the shock would break all the glass in the building, arouse the town and the burglars would often have to fight for their lives. In those days the men had to be big and powerful, because the work was extremely laborious. If the burglar was an extension fighter or noted taugh so much the ex-prize fighter or noted tough, so much the better, for he could make a desperate resistance in case he was caught in the act of

THE MODERN SAFE BURGLAR.

Now, with the modern safe burglar it is almost totally different. Although much more skillful and successful than his pre-decessor, he is more conservative. He sel dom runs his own head into danger and therefore seldom endangers the head of a not because anybody threatens—no matter how sharply—that dreadful things will certainly overtake the worldly; but this is the reason—because to be worldly is to be unagainst being surprised is taken and it is very seldom the robbery is discovered until any of vourself; it is to live like an ani-The modern safe burglar is an exceedingly keen, intelligent man. He can open a said having all modern improvements in from ten minutes to two hours without the aid of explosives and by only slightly defacing it. Sometimes he leaves scarcely a mark.

A first-class modern safe, whether large

conical bolts, having left hand threads, after which the heads of the bolts are cut off, leaving what is virtually a solid piece of steel, which no drill can penetrate. The best locks are of the combination type, with time-lock attachment. In both cities and towns safes containing the most valuables have an electric alarm atttached. Any tampering with it will communicate the act to the owners or the safe's guardian, which in cities is either an electric pro tective bureau or a central police station. A recent invention in France is a photographic attachment. As soon as a safe is touched this device will light an electric lamp, pho-tograph the intruder and give the alarm at the Electric Protective Company's office. As a consequence safe breaking is going out of date in France, as the cleverest criminals have so far failed to find a way to circum-

vent the camera. The first thing considered by a gang of the finest experts is a desirable bank's location and the chances for getting safely away with the plunder. Every transportation facility is carefully considered. As the work is almost invariably done at a season of the year when wagon roads are impassible, rail-way time tables are carefully considered. these days of the telegraph and telephon the gang must be under cover in a large city or concealed with friends by the time the crime is discovered, which, at the utmost, is about six hours after the crime has been committed. From November 1 to March 1 the sale burglars' harvest time, because then the nights are longest and the chances of detection less, as fewer people are on the streets and houses adjoining being tightly closed to exclude cold, exclude noises also. A man can furthermore carry tools in an overcoat without attracting attention that he could not wear with a summer suit. The remainder of the year is spent in "marking" the most desirable banks for future operations. Four men, who compose the ordinary safe mob, will put up from 30 to 40 "jobs" for a winter's work, allowing for all contingencies. From six to ten of these will

be carried out. MAKING PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS. Having decided on a bank, the habits of the cashier and other chief employes are carefully studied, above all of those who visit the bank after working hours, chief of whom is the watchman, if the bank has one. If the watchman drinks, or spends time visiting women when he should be at the bank, he is any easy prey. Weeks, and sometimes even months, are spent in put-ting up a job of magnitude, and often a number of smaller jobs are done to carry out one where the proceeds may run up into the tens of thousands of dollars.

Men visit the town who have a legitimate business as a "blind." They make all preliminary preparations. The greatest ingenuity is employed to obtain exact information. Such as the evenings the cashier or teller is likely to visit the bank and the exnet time. Here is one of the devices em-ployed: After the bank has been closed in the evening pins are stuck obliquely in the casing of the door in such a manner that it cannot be opened without bending or dis-placing them. If the pins are placed at 7 and found disturbed at 10 o'clock on one night, the "feeler out" comes back at 9:30 the next. He continues in this way until he ascertains on just what night or nights of the week and the hour regular employes of the week and the hour regular employes who have keys are likely to visit the bank

for inspection or to do extra work.

Keys are fitted to every door which stands between the street and the bank vault by means of a thin sheet of brass, as near as possible the same size as the keyhole, and possible the same size as the keynole, and covered with a thin coat of carbon, which may be applied with a match. A dozen entrances may have to be made to the bank before it is finally robbed. A key is fitted first to the outer door. It is opened on a

favorable night and a key fitted to the next door. This course is continued until keys are had of every door leading to the vault. Having the watchman and officials of the bank down fine, one of the last things to do is to select a favorable night. The men A Famous Ex-Criminal Details the

is to select a favorable night. The men who have done all the preliminary work then take their departure, and have no further part except to receive their shares. Saturday is the best night, if the trains suit Sunday night, because the "gopher blow-ers' have all of Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night to work. Sunday night to work.

Then the bank burglar proper appears

He has usually three assistants. The gang never appear until the night of the robbery, and then not till 11 or 12 o'clock. If there is a watchman, his habits and disposition have been carefully noted, and, having ac cess to the bank by keys, it is an easy me ter to surprise and overpower him. A "crow" is next planted outside, or in upper window, if there be one, to give nobe that on a dark night, when not even a policeman is near, several big, strong

resume work.

Next is brought into use the simplest place, and, drilling holes in the safe, they insert powder or dynamite and blow the door off, afterward setting fire to the building to destroy all traces of the crime. As a matter of fact, in a really "fine" job, an explosive is rare-

A SPREADING FORCE OF MANY TONS. This tool, "the persuader," is inserted in the most minute crack or drill hole, and, properly blocked at the right time, will force the strongest safe door open with a sound no louder than an ordinary firecracker will make. The outer and inner doors open, if there be a time-lock on the chest, a small dynamite cartridge is placed opposite, a detonating fuse lighted and the outer door closed. The jarring caused by the explosion, which makes a noise scarcely as loud as pistol shot, disarranges the works of the time-lock, which runs down and is useless, the lock running down with exactly a clock's sound when it is dosound reaches the street.

Where drilling is necessary a light, com-pact machine, which fits the combination handle and which rapidly drills a small hole above the water rim of the combination dial plate, is used. A small steel broach is then inserted and the combination knob turned until the tumblers are brought into position, thus permitting the "dog" or bar to drop. A turn of the handle shoots the to drop. A turn of the handle shool bolts back and the door swings open.

If the operators find on entering the vault that the steel chest is an improved one they then proceed to "strip" it. Sheet after sheet is taken off until the works are exposed. This is done by using a "crow," which is sectional—that is it may be extended or contracted, as may be necessary. To an ordinary observer the "crow" looks like the bar which holds the "manhole" plate of a steam boiler in place, and is worked on precisely the same principle. worked on precisely the same principle.

Should it be necessary to "wedge" a safe open, a modified form of the old "drag" is It is a light but rigid and strong

steel bar, sectional, so as to suit different sized sales, and for ease in transportation, which clamps the outer side of the safe. Through the bar is run a screw-threaded bolt, with a ball joint at one end for a re-ceiving wedge. On the other end is worked a railroad wrench, used by track hands for tightening rails, and which can be procured from any railroad section house. With wedging and blocking, no door can resist this instrument. Sometimes a miniature railroad "jack," such as engineers carry, is substituted. A heavy cleat is firmly fast ened in proper position and place on the floor. The wedge in the crack, the 'jack' in place, the result is but a question of time.

GETTING AWAY THE MARDEST PART. This is sufficient demonstration of how the money is procured, and I will detail some of the methods of getting saiely away, which is really the hardest part of the work. Suppose the place of robbery is between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. A confederate—either male or female, the latter preferred-secures a lower berth in a inside doors, with a steel chest in the bottom, forming really a safe within a safe, the inside one being the stronger. The outside door is usually either "stuffed" or "skeleton." The inside one is made of eight or ton." The inside one is made of eight or sheets of different temper, of the fivest constant of the constant of the car opposite the station. The car window is open on arrival at this point, and the "boodle" is passed through, thus leaving the thieves to escape unburdened. If caught no evidence is found upon them, as the choicest tools are the constant of the car opposite the station. The car window is open on arrival at this point, and the "boodle" is passed through, thus leaving the thieves to escape unburdened. If caught no evidence is found upon them, as the choicest tools is found upon them, as the choicest tools are sent with the "swag" and the rest thrown away, and part of the proceeds can be used to effect their discharge if they are arrested.

Should the railroad scheme not be available, the plunder is secreted close by until it can be sately removed. Among the favorite places in which to do this are churches olhouses and graveyards. If a schoolhouse or a church is chosen the floor of the platform is cut in the under side. Sufficient screws are counter-sunk to hold the boards in place and the holes are filled with putty of the same color as the surrounding surface. It was such a receptacle that held sately for months the millions of dol-lars in bonds stolen from the Northampton bank, of Northampton, Mass., in which the notorious "Red Leary" figured prominently. It a grave-yard be the planting place, a family vault which has not been used for some time is selected, keys fitted, a coffin opened, the "swag" put in, the lid replaced and the door re-closed until time for removal of the plunder, Fearful that some may think this last statement exaggerated, I will refer them to the case of old man Yost, the king of "store workers" in his day, who robbed a jewelry store in Springfield, Ill., a few years ago, and hid the plunder in a cemetery vault, where it was found, with an accomplice's assistance, a few months later.

THE BEST MEANS OF PROTECTION. Mechanics have a maxim that "the best machine is the simplest." So in protecting a safe the simplest means is the best. Poice Superintendent Walling, of New York City, about 15 years ago, when safe robbery was almost an every-night occurrence, in-structed banks and business men to place their safes or vaults in plain view of the street and to have a light burning brightly in front of them. With this addition the plan is unsurpassed: Have a watchman visit your bank or store every half hour, thoroughly investigate and signal some already the tide begins to turn and centrally located point. Should he fail to do so at the exact and proper time let the central protective or detective bureau send out an alarm, surround the last place he was heard from and the place he was next due at, and I will guarantee that safe robheries will be few and losses slight in your oity or town.

AN EX-CRIMINAL. city or town.

A Prediction That Came True. New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Maggie-Oh, I just tell you the earth is full of wonders! My poor, dear husband predicted the very day of his

Caller-He was rather morbid, though, for years, was he not?
"Yes, indeed. He was always saying he was going to die soon, and I knew in my heart it would come true some time, and sure enough it did."

The Between-the-Acts Fiend.



Chorus of Long-suffering Theater-go Don't trouble yourself to go out; have a little of this! - Puck.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Night Sweats Of consumption, gives speedy benefit.

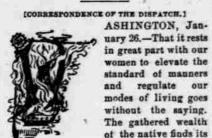
THE ENGLISH IDEA

Of Life Not Suited to the American Style of Living.

MRS. DAHLGREN SCENTS DANGER.

Turning Day Into Night Places Society in the Hands of Young Folk.

WHY WE CANNOT IMITATE THE EFFETE



way sooner or later mostly into our hands, for American men are generous and good and kind to the women of this country in ways unknown to the men of other lands.

Holding this great responsibility it is impertant that we make no mistakes in the molding of social usage. And in doing this, in the very first place, in the name of common sense, let us be true to ourselves. Let us neither be French nor English in the observance of social forms, but Americanstrictly American.

To copy the forms that regulate the social methods of other nations is a great blunder

At this moment the tendency of fashion leans toward the English, and the mandate seems to have gone forth that to be in "good form" one must wear English clothes, use English phrases and intonations and, worst of all, adopt English hours.

I venture the opinion that nothing could be more preposterous than this caprice.
When we consider that English society is
represented by an aristocracy that holds a
very precarious tenure of power; that perchance out of the present upheaval may
come "the survival of the fittest," and that it is likely that the now existing forms that regulate the modes of living of the upper classes must be essentially modified to meet the advancing pressure and influx of new ideas and new demands, we will realize that the model is unsuited to us.

ABSOLUTELY DRIVELING.

Here we are, in the vigor and the sweep Here we are, in the vigor and the sweep and the power of our vast wealth and ex-tent of area, measurably free from the swaddling bands of antecedents, with our country filled with splendid men who are country filled with splendid men who are not drones, not claiming exemption or the inherited right to dominate, but each leader among us holding in his busy hands God's patent of nobility. Here we are, swooping down from our eagle's eyrie, to imitate the effete! It is too inane, insipid and tiresome to contemplate! It is absolutely driveling! We work up to a dazzling beight, and then, just as we are ready to cry out "Eureka! and show society the purest and best models, we sink into an incomprehensible lethargy. When we reach the social heights we seem to succumb to the glamor that leads social

life under conditions utterly dissimilar to our own. Perchance, for instance, those unfortunates who live in a murky, foggy, rainy atmosphere may find it more agreeable to turn day into night in choosing their hours of entertaining. But it assuredly is a very foolish imitation for us, who enjoy so much glorious sunlight, to shut it out from our drawing-rooms in the daytime, or worse yet, to choose the most somber hours of the night for our choicest entertainments.

A score of years ago 6 o'clock was ac-cepted as a suitable dinner bour by our best people, when our leading men, having used the day in active effort and to some useful purpose, were fairly ready to discuss and enjoy a good dinner. By 9 o'clock, at that time, the most elegant assemblies commenced, and our polite society was prepared to exchange the more formal dignity of the prandial feast for the increasing hilarity of he evening.

THE YOUNG IN CONTROL. Now the hours adopted for occasions of social festivity become very important be-

cause they insensibly regulate our modes of living in other things.

If our principal business men and our matrons who are social leaders are expected to sit up all night in order to preside fashionable assemblies, then the practical and more important life of the nation is by that very means relegated to another set of men and women, who, in consequence of the virtual withdrawal during the day of these trained and capable minds, have to take the conduct of affairs into their own hands and mold the future of the country as best they

Now these others are perhaps not so well fitted by careful training, and thus a de-terioration is inevitable. Or again, by the time men and women have reached middle life, and have on account of their experi-ence become peculiarly fitted to direct so-ciety, they find it irksome if not physically ngerous to expose themselves to the strain

of such late hours. As a result, society places itself, perforce, in the hands of a lot of young people who will doubtless in course of time become very capable society leaders, but who make no end of mistakes from lack of experience. SCCIAL STANDARDS LOWERED.

Thus our social standards become insensi bly lowered.

It may be "awfully jolly" for a company of younsters to enjoy themselves after their own fashion, unrestricted by the presence of their seniors, but it is very detrimental to good breeding, and must result in a corruption of manners painful to contemplate.

In view of these considerations, I would urge that the matrons who are society leaders should return to the observance of those hours that were considered the best before we were led away by this prevailing Anglo-

mania.

In fact, from the expressions of sentiment I have myself heard on this subject from various ladies, whose opinions have de-servedly great weight, it is to be hoped that already the tide begins to turn and that There is also another fact in this connec-

tion to be noted. The hours that the aris-toracy of England observe are so peculiar to themselves that they are not adopted on the Continent, where a nicer taste in the reinements of social life has hitherto been supposed to exist.

It was never for a moment admitted until of late years that the English had any especial adaptation, natural or acquired, for the elegancies of life.

The Anglo-Saxon genius that certainly leads the world and molds its progress in various directions, was never regarded as peculiarly fitted to regulate social etiquette or form model manners.

On the contrary, the English lack the pliancy and fine tact of the French. It may be said they have no tact, and are therefore essentially unfit to discriminate as to the very delicate discernment required.

ADVANTAGES OF AMERICANS. But we Americans have the advantage over both the French and English, for we inherit Saxon strength and Latin versatil-ity. What we seem most to need is the

ity. What we seem most to need is the good common sense to appreciate the advantages we possess and to make proper use of them. We would seem to need the equipoise, the aplomb that marks those who are accustomed to rule and mean to hold the reins. It is a pity that we are not more sure of ourselves, for many of our social leaders are very elegant women, who have wealth and the pleasant leisure that grows out of an exemption from the cares. grows out of an exemption from the cares incident to narrow means. There they are traveled and observant, and if they would only be patriotic enough to determine that the definite standard of our customs should be American, it would be nothing more than the grandeur of the Nation nas a right

to expect.

The 12 o'clock breakfast and the 1:30 o'clock luncheon have within the past few years found a well-defined place in our so-cial customs. They are both excellent, each in its way. The breakfast interferes less with other social engagements than the luncheon, especially if it is somewhat sim-ple, and does not, consequently, cousume too much time. In both cases it would add to the social brilliancy to invite men as well as

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

It is a dangerous precedent 'or women to make to leave men out of social life in any of its phases. The best way to polish the manners of men is to bring them as often as possible under the influence of refined women, and the best way to keep women from indulging in trivial talk is to associate them on all social occasions with

highly educated men.
A breakfast of six courses at 11 o'clock or soon, where clever men and women can meet for an hour, will give a fine zest to the meet for an near, will give a line zest to the entire day. The stimulating coffee, spark-ling champagne and bright conversation mingle with the clear sunshine of our high noon and give an exhibitrating and bracing power to meet the active duties before us. If luncheon is at 2 o'clock it is better that it should not last much more than an hour, and eight courses will consume quite as much time as one can conveniently or agree-ably set aside. The luncheon as well as the breakfast would, it seems to me, be greatly improved by the presence of gentlemen. This innovation has to my knowledge been attempted at several lunches, and has always

met with unqualified success.

If a popular vote could decide this question I fancy there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of admitting the men. At present gentlemen amuse themselves by wondering how it is that the ladies consume so much time in this mode of entertainment They even hint that it is stupid to foot the bills, equal to their "stag suppers."

I would suggest that the two be fused into

one, which make conflicting interests meet, especially if elaboration should be reserved for the dinner.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

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Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacions in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Levis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa. "Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pec-toral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me re-

lief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

Relieved By the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hassler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Nebr.

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"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

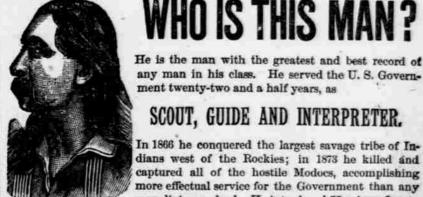
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DESKS



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ment twenty-two and a half years, as SCOUT, GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

In 1866 he conquered the largest savage tribe of Indians west of the Rockies; in 1873 he killed and captured all of the hostile Modocs, accomplishing more effectual service for the Government than any

man, living or dead. He introduced Ka-tou-ka to the white people in 1876, and this simple Indian Donald McKay. medicine has accomplished more cures than any similar medicine known

to civilization. The

→* OREGON + INDIANS *← first used it to eradicate the Poisonous Blood Taints contracted from the white adventurers. It cures

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DISEASED KIDNEYS,

All druggists keep it. It has been imitated and counterfeited. The genuine has the name blown in the bottle and a cut of the greatest Indian Scout,

Donald McKay, on White Wrapper, Red Letters.